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# GRECIAN DAYS



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*Worcester, Mass., February 21, 1903*









## **GRECIAN DAYS**



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# GRECIAN DAYS

BY

LUCIA A. PALMER  
(MRS. H. R. PALMER)

VOLUME ONE OF ORIENTAL DAYS



FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY ✓  
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## PREFACE

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REECE, although a portion of the continent of Europe, is apart from it. The Greek speaks of going to the Continent the same as speaks the Englishman.

The chief cities of Greece are on her eastern border. Her wars, her commerce, and her associations have been with the East. Greece naturally, practically, and in reality belongs to the Orient.

It was my great privilege to accompany Dr. Palmer during his travels in the East. While absent I gathered numerous notes and wrote a large number of sketches. On our return I put them in order for the pure pleasure it gave me, without the slightest thought of publication. They have proved so interesting to those who have read them that I have decided to put these notes and sketches into print, and before doing so I have carefully revised them. If there be special credit due any one individual I do not know it. I have drawn freely from the treasury of ancient history, political and

## PREFACE

mythical, as all others have done who have written before me, and as all others must do in the future who write of ancient Greece.

It now gives me great pleasure to hand "Grecian Days" to the friends who have encouraged its publication, and I trust that whoever reads this volume on the classic land of Plato and Socrates, Phidias and Pericles, may find a pleasant entertainment in following with me the paths of travel I have so much enjoyed.

LUCIA A. PALMER.

PARK HILL ON THE HUDSON, N. Y.,  
November 11, 1896.

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# I

## NAPLES TO PATRAS

**W**E saw the Bay of Naples in the purple of dawn, and glistening in the noon-tide sun, and bathed in liquid gold when the sun declined. Half a dozen times or more we went and came, and as many times we sang with the poet, "Addio, ma bella Napoli." But when we turned our faces toward the rising sun and started for the Orient, all was changed. For three days we had struggled with open wood fires and wax candles, and in a cold dining-room listened to dinner concerts while the chills chased one another down our backs.

When outside, the city was gray, the bay was gray, and Vesuvius was gray, and a biting wind blew at hurricane speed. The smoke from the volcano, instead of rolling off in majesty as had been its wont, was whisked off into broken white clouds the moment it left the mountain-top. Even with

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the greatest effort one could not keep the sidewalk, and lurching off into the street was of momentary occurrence. Peddlers of various kinds were first embarrassingly helpful, then claimed the victims of the blast as customers. A shell-peddler was the most persistent; he offered dressing-combs and followed us closely, crying his wares: "Three francs! three francs! Two francs! two francs! One franc! Half a franc!" At half a franc we bought, but even that price proved unjust.

We left Naples for Brindisi (the ancient Brundusium) by early morning train, and consumed the entire day making the journey. Our way led over mountains, through passes and gorges, and our progress was discouragingly slow. The fascination of mountain travel, as experienced in midsummer, was totally lacking. The mountains along the railroad seemed tame after Switzerland; the scenery was mostly rugged, very little of it grand; the remains of snow in the hollows and ravines gave the mountains a mottled and broken aspect.

The journey was tiresome and without incident, except one. Just before sunset, while in a deep gorge, the sun came out in great splendor and changed the whole appearance of nature. We had hardly time to realize the unexpected pleasure when on the left of the gorge we saw the blackest of clouds come rolling and roaring toward us, and

## NAPLES TO PATRAS

pouring out hail and snow as though the very heavens were emptying their contents on the mountain-top; while at our left the mountain looked calmly down, crowned with the glories of an Italian sunset. Neither storm nor sunlight lasted long. The cloud passed on with its burden, the sun sank behind the mountains, and darkness covered us. The train rolled dismally on till eight o'clock, when we reached our destination.

At Brindisi the winter wind came with furious force from the sea, and was bitter cold. At the station we found an omnibus from the Grand Hôtel des Indes Orientales, and clambered into it. Our baggage found a place on top, and we went bouncing off. Two great barn-looking doors leading to the hotel court stood wide open to receive us; we went through on a trot; the doors closed with a bang and were bolted by a servant. Within the doors there were bolts and staples strong enough to bar the entrance to a fortress. On one side of the court were the offices and staircase, on the other the dining-room and reading-rooms, an airy prospect for such a temperature. The hotel was evidently built for hot weather, not cold.

Rooms were assigned us, and the domestic procession started. I had long been accustomed to a formal escort on entering a hotel, but this was formidable. It was headed by two chambermaids

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with flaring candles; then came two porters, each with a steamer trunk on his shoulder; then two table waiters, each with a satchel and a shawl-strap; number nine brought up the rear of the column, bringing with him a traveling-shawl and two umbrellas. As one maid opened the door to the room the wind blew out her candle; the other took warning and shielded hers with her hand and saved the blaze.

The room was immense; a great open fireplace yawned at us; but there was no hope of comfort in that room; and when we declined it, each one of the servants picked out of the pile of baggage on the floor his apportioned part, and again started on the march. It was vain to suggest that the baggage should rest till we were pleased with a room. No; all followed on, from room to room, until at last we found a little sheltered one that looked as though it might be made tenantable. We then ordered our supper. The tea was musty, the bread sour, and the butter strong. Nevertheless this is the best hotel in Brindisi, and we had decided to stay here for rest two days and two nights.

It seemed a weary prospect. We notched off the first night on our stick, and on the way to breakfast next morning we noticed in the hall a trunk nearly covered with pasted pictures, so familiar to travelers, of the various hotels where it had lodged.

## NAPLES TO PATRAS

It was wired, and stamped by the British consul. A servant said that it belonged to a lady who arrived on an ocean steamer a day or two before. The vessel had met with a cyclone, and had been tossed about in the most fearful manner for four days. The lady who owned the trunk was brought to the hotel in a state of exhaustion, and died during the night, and her body was then at the undertaker's. Her relatives came from London that day, and buried her in Brindisi. Not a very encouraging incident on the eve of a sea voyage.

Our last day, Sunday, was pleasant, and there was less wind from the sea; but Brindisi is totally without interest, save as a starting-point for Greece and the East. Our ship for Patras arrived at nine o'clock Sunday evening. Sea travel, like war, knows no Sabbath.

On leaving the hotel a man in a Prince Albert coat, gray pantaloons, and silk hat came forward smiling and asked Dr. Palmer "how he had got on." The doctor replied, "It is the worst place I have struck yet." The questioner said he was sorry if he had had a poor time; "but," he added, "bad as the hotel is, I have improved it very much since I bought it two months ago." A red wave passed over the doctor's face as he said, "If I had known you were the proprietor, I should not have made the remark; but in justice to truth I cannot retract."

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Our vessel belonged to the Austrian Lloyd line. Inside it was a marvel of red plush and brass, and

"The lights shone on fair women and brave men."

But alas! the best berths had been taken long before by passengers from Trieste, and we were doomed to a state-room in the stern of the ship. It was large and gorgeous enough; but the sea was in an ugly mood, and I experienced more misery that night than ever on any other, nay, more than on all other nights at sea put together. After an hour of effort to keep in my berth, I lost all power of resistance, and fearing physical injury from being thrown from it, I slipped off the berth on the floor and gave myself up to the will of the angry sea. If any one doubts the difference in comfort between a position in the center of a ship and one in the end of it, let him try both during a storm, and he will ask no questions afterward.

During the night the storm abated, and just as the gray of the morning began to brighten with the coming sun we could see off to our left the snow-covered mountain, Konti Vouni, in Albania, Turkey. The scenery along the Strait of Corfu is varied and grand. At Corfu our ship anchored for a few hours, giving the passengers time to pay the city a visit. The harbor is large and safe, and full of activity. The first naval battle, according to his-

## NAPLES TO PATRAS

tory, was fought here, B.C. 665, between the Corinthians and the Corcyraeans. The latter gained the victory. Corfu is the capital of the island and one of the most prosperous cities in Greece.

Olive-trees grow luxuriantly here, and it is estimated that the olive groves contain not less than four millions of trees. The city is beautifully situated in a nook on the mountain-side, and makes a pretty picture as you approach from the sea. It is flanked by two forts, and a lofty mountain forms the background. The forts are going to decay, and vegetation is covering their ruins. The city has a royal palace, built during the English protectorate, and occupied by Gladstone while he was Lord High Commissioner. The crown of Greece was offered him, which he promptly refused. Here also is an extensive esplanade with a double row of trees on either side, a monument, and a few statues.

Unfortunately, we passed the islands of Ithaca and Cephalonia during the night. We wished to have a glimpse of Ithaca, made so famous by Homer in the *Odyssey*; but ships do not wait while we sleep, and that great pleasure was not ours. We were more favored when passing near Missolonghi; and while sitting on the deck in the bright morning sun and fresh air, my thoughts turned back to Lord Byron, who sailed through these waters on his way to the seat of war in Greece, and who, in the clear

## GRECIAN DAYS

air of the December evenings, joined the sailors in singing the patriotic songs of the nation. In time storms gathered, and he struggled with the tempest. The foe pursuing, he sought shelter and safety behind the rocks, in some one of the deep gorges.

At last in Missolonghi he found the fleet disbanded, the officers contending, the inhabitants degraded and discouraged. He repaired the fortifications, cheered the brave, and threatened the mutinous. Sickness overtook him, yet he worked on; but the excitement reacted upon his nervous system. Rains caused floods, which were followed by the sirocco from the sea, producing malarial conditions, which in his weak state he could not withstand. He was attacked by fever, had rigors and ravings and blood-letting doctors; then came a long sleep, which ended in death. His body was conveyed to England, but his heart was entombed in Missolonghi. A monument has since been erected to the poet's memory, which the people hold in reverence. Here, also, the heroic Marco Bozzaris has a tomb.

Missolonghi was the very center of the struggle for Greek liberation. During the siege the situation became so desperate from fear of starvation that an attempt was made at midnight to break through the enemy's works. Three thousand soldiers and over six thousand unarmed men,

## NAPLES TO PATRAS

women, and children threw themselves upon the Turkish lines. Comparatively few escaped; the rest were driven back by the Turks.

The scenery here is eminently grand and beautiful. The mountains come up boldly from the sea, range rising over range, till they are capped with snow. The rocky coast-line is broken by charming capes and bays, lovely islands dot the sea, and a bright sun spreads its golden light over all and blends them into one grand and beautiful picture. The ancients assigned the mountains to the gods, and the valleys, forests, and seas to the nymphs and Naiads; and this adds a poetical touch to an already intoxicating scene.

After landing at Patras we began skirmishing through our memory to find what we knew about Patras, and had hardly time to remind ourselves that tradition of a "doubtful kind" fixes this as the place where St. Andrew was crucified and buried. While we were reviewing this in our minds, the custom-house officer pounced upon the oranges in a satchel of a traveling companion, and confiscated them. This was all right, as oranges and lemons are a great source of income to Patras; but we thought the officer ungracious when he would not allow her to rebuy them, and she was hurried on to the train without food or drink.

## II

### PATRAS AND SPARTA



PATRAS is situated in the northwestern part of the Peloponnesus, anciently known as the "Morea," so called on account of its resemblance in shape to a mulberry leaf. Probably no part of Greece, Athens and Attica excepted, contains more of interest to the traveler than does this peninsula. Two places are familiar, even to children of a readable age. What boy has not heard of the Olympian games? and who, of an unflinching and determined spirit, has escaped being called, at some time, a Spartan? We feel that to write of Greece, and not to mention Sparta and her lawgiver, or Olympia and the games named after her, would be unpardonable; besides, how better can one obtain a good idea of the Greeks in their day than by reading the story of Sparta and Olympia? And in this connection we will write it.

## PATRAS AND SPARTA

After the Trojan War there was a great deal of unrest and discontent among the Greeks, resulting in a grand exodus southward. The Dorians, led by the descendants of Hercules, took possession of the Peloponnesus. One tribe swooped down upon a town called Lacedæmon, to which they gave the name of Sparta, a Greek word signifying "sown land," or "corn-field." This town, the capital of Laconia, was situated in a vale running north and south about twenty miles from the sea, and was the seat of the Dorians.

According to mythology, Sparta was the seat of Menelaus. After its subjugation by the Heracleidæ, Sparta fell to the twin sons of Aristodemus, who, together with their descendants, reigned for a long period of time, whence the two lines and the joint kings of Sparta. Thus intrenched, they held and increased their possessions by armed force. They kept the most productive lands, and left the rest for the conquered, whom they divided into two classes. The old inhabitants they disfranchised, but allowed them to remain on their lands; the rest were reduced to the basest slavery; the conquerors themselves were called citizens. The slaves proved a troublesome element, and the youths of Sparta often amused themselves by assassinating the brightest and ablest of them.

Many of the rigid laws of Sparta are attributed

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to her famous legislator, Lycurgus, called the "lawgiver." He was son of King Eunomos, and brother of Polydectes, who was heir to the throne. After the death of his brother, Lycurgus reigned as king regent for a time. Owing to the hostility of his brother's queen after the birth of the crown prince, he left Sparta and traveled in foreign countries, spending his time studying their laws, manners, and customs. It is said that during these journeys he became acquainted with the poems of Homer, which he partly collected and studied, and afterward introduced into Greece, where they were little known.

During his absence all went wrong with Sparta. On his return he found the affairs of state in confusion, and anarchy reigned everywhere. Lycurgus was appealed to by friend and foe to try to reform the government. This is believed to have been about 884 B.C. After much urging he consented, and remodeled the constitution, and, that he might impress it religiously upon the people, he visited the shrine at Delphi and placed it before the oracle, asking the blessing of Heaven. The responses were favorable. He was called "beloved of God," and told that his laws were good and that under them his country would become prosperous and great.

Lycurgus returned, and established a senate of twenty members, and placed the two kings at its

## PATRAS AND SPARTA

head. He next gained the consent of the Spartans to an equal division of property, thus placing all on a common footing as far as wealth was concerned, and making the only standard of judgment between them a worthy or unworthy life.

It seems that our domestic economy is not new, but of an old school. Lycurgus was a protectionist of the most sweeping kind, as well as a communist. To render the Spartans self-sustaining and to prevent the accumulation of riches in the hands of individuals, he prohibited the use of gold and silver money and introduced iron coins of great weight and size, wholly unsuitable for commercial purposes or for hoarding; and to render the iron unfit for further use, it was heated and thrown into vinegar. One result of these laws was that the Spartans became famous for manufacturing all necessary furniture, also implements needed in their every-day employments. Lycurgus desired nothing beyond this.

He carried on a relentless war against all luxuries, and discouraged travel, fearing it might breed discontent and be the means of introducing into Sparta foreign languages and customs, together with luxurious habits. He established a public table, at which all citizens must eat, of equal fare and on equal terms. Each Spartan was obliged to bring for this table, each month, a bushel of meal, five pounds of cheese, eight gallons of wine, half a

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pound of figs, and a certain amount of money for the purchase of meat and fish. It will be seen that this bill of fare provided for no dainties. Children were allowed at table, where they heard the affairs of state discussed, as well as jokes and pleasantries. No one was allowed to insult another in conversation, or to receive a jest in ill temper; and, to guard against tittle-tattle, it was the custom for the oldest man at table to point toward the door and to say to each boy as he came in, "Through this no word goes out."

Plainness and conciseness of speech were encouraged. Our word "laconic" came from "Laconia," the country of the Lacedæmonians or Spartans. The following story is a good example. One Spartan asked another if he would go and hear a man who could perfectly counterfeit the voice of a nightingale. The answer came in true laconic style: "Sir, I have heard the nightingale itself."

In those days war was the occupation of the citizens. Agriculture and all menial service were carried on by the disfranchised and slaves. Hardihood and courage were the first elements with the Spartans. Family life and the pursuit of literature were not encouraged. They knew a little of reading and writing, had athletic schools, and in many ways were taught by example. Old men watched and encouraged the young men in their contests.

## PATRAS AND SPARTA

They cast out to die sickly or misshapen children, declaring it was neither for the good of the children nor for that of the country that they should live. To make children hardy, they obliged them to sleep on beds of rushes ; to make them fearless and that they might march as well by night as by day, they were sent to bed in the dark. Their clothing was scanty ; they went barefooted and wore close-cropped hair. At the age of seven they were taken from their parents by the government. The main part of their education was to endure pain and privation uncomplainingly, and to live and die, if need be, for their country. The greatest glory that could come to them was to conquer in battle.

To sharpen their wits and teach them strategy, they were allowed to steal, and were praised if it was done cunningly. If they were caught they were whipped unmercifully—often whipped to death. There is a story told of a Spartan boy, who stole a fox and hid it in his clothing, and suffered the animal to tear his bowels open, and died, rather than be caught in a clumsy act in stealing.

The Spartan youths despised money-getting and spent their time in military pursuits or in the gymnasium ; those they had conquered did all the labor and furnished the necessaries. There was little difference in the training of the girls and boys. The girls practised the Spartan exercises ; they

## GRECIAN DAYS

wrestled, cast darts and quoits, and in the procession marched with the boys. The women were as able-bodied and able-minded as were the men. A foreign lady once taunted Gorgo, the wife of Leonidas, with the remark that the women of Lacedæmon were the only women who participated in the exercises and took an equal interest in the affairs of men. She received the laconic reply, "With good reason: they are the only women who bring them forth."

It was an unwritten law of the Spartans not to prolong a war with another tribe or nation, lest the enemy might gain from them their own peculiar mode of warfare. Before going into battle, the king, to incite to deeds of bravery, sacrificed to the Muses. During war the Spartans wore their hair long, and curled and dressed it with much care, remembering a saying of Lycurgus that "a large head of hair added beauty to a fine face and terror to an ugly one."

After Lycurgus had well established his laws he prepared for a long journey; but before his departure he administered a binding oath to the senate, the kings, and the populace, to the effect that they would not change the constitution and would abide by the laws till his return. This constitution is known as the Constitution of Lycurgus. He never returned, and the laws remained unchanged five

## PATRAS AND SPARTA

hundred years; and Sparta became great, and rivaled, if not surpassed, Athens.

There are many stories regarding the death of Lycurgus. Some say he starved himself to death; others that he died in Crete and ordered his body burned and his ashes cast into the sea, thus forever making his return, dead or alive, impossible.

### III

#### OLYMPIA



OLYMPIA was not a town in the general meaning of the word, but grounds containing a race-course or stadium, gymnasium, treasuries, temples, and other buildings used in the worship of Zeus, or Jupiter, who was the chosen god of Olympia. The grounds were anciently known as the Altis, or sacred grove of Zeus. They were three miles long and one mile wide, and were situated in the beautiful valley of the river Alpheus.

The temple of Zeus occupied a central position in the Altis and belonged to the art grandeur of the age. The temple was built with the proceeds of spoils taken by the Eliacs from other states, and was of great splendor and grandeur. The structure was ninety-five feet broad, two hundred and thirty feet long, and sixty-eight feet high, and of Doric architecture. It has been described as having been magnificently ornamented with groups of sculpture,

## OLYMPIA

gilded bucklers, golden vases, and a golden statue of Victory.

The grandest feature of the temple was the statue of Zeus, the work of Phidias. The statue was sixty feet high and wrought in ivory and gold. Zeus was represented seated on a throne of ivory and gold, studded with sparkling gems. He was of lofty mien, with flowing beard, holding in one hand a statue of Victory and in the other a scepter with an eagle perched upon it. His head was crowned with an olive wreath. His robes were wrought in gold and chased with lilies, and upon his feet were golden sandals. In front of the statue hung a purple embroidered veil. When this was drawn aside and Zeus was revealed, one might well exclaim, "How like a god!"

From prehistoric times the Greeks had been accustomed to athletic sports; but the founding of periodical festivals at Olympia in Elis was accomplished by Iphitus, King of Elis, together with the Spartans. At that time the Greeks had made but small progress from barbarism, and Greece was divided and divided again into tiny states or petty kingdoms. During the great exodus south and the sending out of colonies they fought among themselves as often as with their foes. It was warring within and warring without, and

"When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."

## GRECIAN DAYS

In such a condition of affairs manly courage, bodily strength, and agility were of first importance. These hostilities broke off friendly communication in all parts of Greece and prevented desired advancement among the people. So the King of Elis and the Spartans agreed upon a peace-festival, in order that the Greeks might come together in a safe and friendly way to discuss the best interests of all. For a thousand years afterward—dating from the victory of Corcebus in a foot-race which took place in 776 B.C.—festivals were celebrated once in four years, during the first full moon after the summer solstice. This space of four years, the time from one Olympian festival to another, was called an Olympiad and was named after the victor of that period. During the festival, for one month, there was a general armistice throughout Greece, which was proclaimed by a herald.

The games at first consisted of wrestling, boxing, hurling the discus, casting the javelin, leaping, and foot-races. After a time chariot-races, horse-races, and soldier-races were added. These were all carried on under strict laws and regulations and in the presence of judges and officials. No one was allowed to compete but free-born Greeks of unspotted character. Before the contest began the athletes presented themselves before the statue of Zeus Hasikios, the protector of oaths, represented

## OLYMPIA

with a thunderbolt in each hand. There they solemnly took an oath that they had spent ten months in training at Olympia and that they would faithfully obey the laws governing the games. As each entered the stadium a herald announced his name and the name of the state from which he came.

The foot-race was considered the highest and carried away the first prize, which was a simple olive-branch cut from the sacred olive-tree planted by Hercules, a prince of great strength and honored as a god. Some authors say the prize was a simple wild-olive wreath. In either case, it had no money value, but the honors and distinctions were great and many: the recipient could dwell in Olympia at public expense; the Olympiad in which he was victor was named after him; he was exempt from taxes; his family and state were honored; and he had the right of place for his statue in the sacred precinct, and if he had been winner three times the statue might bear his features. The number of these statues placed in the grove, together with votive offerings given by people who took an interest in the games, became enormous; and many of them were fine works of art.

The contestants wore very little clothing. The hardihood of their training taught them to ignore pain or fatigue, and when stimulated by the presence and applause of a vast multitude their fleet-

## GRECIAN DAYS

ness was something marvelous. Women, with the exception of the priestesses of Demeter, were not allowed to witness the games; and not far from Olympia travelers are shown a steep rock, over which all women who broke this ancient law were to be hurled. As there is no account of any ever having been sent to their death in that way, it is supposed that the women of the time were law-abiding.

These gatherings became of great interest and vast importance throughout all the Grecian states, and other countries besides. Thousands flocked to Olympia to witness these contests, and as they grew in size thought climbed higher and intellect found a place, and when they were at their zenith civilization came to the front. Poets sang, historians read, philosophers reasoned, and orators convinced; the arts flourished, and princes and potentates added splendor. Among the many illustrious personages mentioned in history who lent their presence when Olympia was brightest and best are Plato, Herodotus, Thucydides, Gorgias, and Themistocles, the hero of Salamis.

Olympia, like many other places, had its rise and decline. Athletes became professional; the games, a calling, a trade. They lost dignity and came to disgrace, and were suppressed by Theodosius in 394 A.D. Then followed destruction. The beautiful

## OLYMPIA

Alpheus turned treacherous and cut away the south portion of the sacred grove; the river Cladeus opened a new channel and continued to bring with it from the mountains earth and sand until the sacred precinct was covered to a depth of from ten to fifteen feet, and in some places twenty feet.

In 1874 the German government, under treaty, began a thorough excavation of the grounds. They hoped for a rich return in sculpture, but the finds were small. The chief one was "Hermes" by Praxiteles, which is admitted to be the finest specimen in ancient art of physical manly beauty.

## IV

### ON TO CORINTH

**W**E will now continue our journey. Our coach for Corinth was new and clean and in every way pleasant, for which we ought to have been thankful, and we were. It is but a short time since Greece had but three hundred and eighty miles of railroad—a great help, however, since they meant both speed and comfort. The remote parts of Greece, be they ever so interesting, are very difficult of access. The surface of the country at best is broken and rugged, the roads poor, the bridges scarce, and the inns infrequent and without comforts. Where railroads are wanting travelers ride on horseback, making a distance of from two and a half to three miles an hour; this is usual throughout the Orient. The country is now considered tolerably safe, except on the Turkish frontier.

Aside from all annoyances, a ride through Greece,

## ON TO CORINTH

or a sail along the waters washing it, is most interesting, not only on account of the pleasure one feels in beautiful land or water scapes, but because history has been so long busy there that the eye can scarcely find a place whereon to rest that is not teeming with facts of vast human interest or wrapped in the rosy mist of romance. Crumbling ruins mark the sites of cities where philosophers, artists, and poets have lived, labored, loved, and died. The plains and the passes have resounded to the tread of mighty armies, who have conquered or been conquered. The Mediterranean and her children, the gulfs and bays along the shores of Greece, have played their part in making up the history of Greece great and Greece small; the islands lift up their gray heads high above the sea and tell what they know of the wisdom or folly of Greece ancient and Greece modern; and so one rides along, listening to the stories of Greece gay and Greece sad, Greece conquered and Greece victorious and free.

A few miles brought us to the Little Dardanelles, the entrance to the Gulf of Corinth. The railroad here runs along the south shore of the gulf, and in that clear atmosphere the mountains and places on the opposite shore seemed near at hand. Long before time every one was peering out of the windows, looking for Parnassus. Every height of the least prominence on the north side of

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the gulf was discussed and passed upon. When at last an old traveler decided it, there was a general producing of glasses and a squeezing at the car windows. There really was Mount Parnassus, the home of the nine Muses, daughters of Zeus, or Jupiter, and Mnemosyne (memory).

The amusing part of it was that, when we were again in our seats and began to talk of the mythic nine, there was not one in the company who could recall all of their names or their vocations. After combining our knowledge and keeping count on our fingers, we made them out; and that none of our readers may meet with a like embarrassment, we give the following list: Calliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Melpomene, Polymnia, Terpsichore, Thalia, and Urania. Calliope presided over eloquence and heroic poetry; Clio was the Muse of history; Erato of lyric poetry; Euterpe of music; Melpomene of tragedy; Polymnia of singing and rhetoric; Terpsichore of dancing; Thalia of pastoral or comic poetry; and Urania of astronomy.

If it had been a fact that the Muses were realities and in actual residence there, we could not have been more interested in locating Mount Parnassus. It is strange how these visionary things fasten upon us. They seem to have a place in our nature. What if they do? It does no harm. We have enough of the dead level of the commonplace.

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Our curiosity being satisfied in watching Mount Parnassus mile after mile, and no Muse or the shade of a Muse appearing, we consulted our guide to see what the prospect was of catching a glimpse of Mount Olympus, where the ancients believed Jupiter and his court dwelt. Even in small countries some things will be out of vision; it was so with Olympus, and we were left to our thoughts. The ancient Greeks were polytheists, and mythology tells us that to simplify their system they divided their gods into classes. Jupiter was father of gods and men.

The story as told by the poets runs as follows. The first inhabitants of Greece were Pelasgians, a savage race, who clothed themselves with the skins of wild animals, ate roots and herbs, and lived in caves. From Egypt came a prince by the name of Uranus, who was the father of a large family of Titans or giants. In time they rebelled, and his son, Saturn, the god of time, became king. Saturn, jealous of his own sons and fearing his father's fate, ordered all his children destroyed as soon as born; but one, named Jupiter, or Zeus, was hidden by his mother, Cybele, or Rhea, in the island of Crete. When Jupiter was a year old he made war against the Titans, who had taken prisoner his father, Saturn. After conquering them he sent his father into banishment and became master of the whole

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world. Then he gave to his brother Pluto dominion over the infernal regions, and to his brother Neptune dominion over the sea. He reserved the kingdom of heaven to himself and made Mount Olympus his throne.

His court consisted of the twelve celebrated gods and goddesses. The gods were Apollo, Bacchus, Mars, Mercury, and Vulcan; the goddesses, Juno, Minerva, Venus, with Ceres, Cupid, Diana, and Vesta. Jupiter was father of them all. Besides these, there were a multitude of lesser gods and goddesses in high favor with the Greeks. The Greeks held Olympus in deep reverence; they believed that it touched the heavens, and was concealed from mortal eyes by clouds and shimmering mists, and that at its summit was eternal spring. The beautiful valley of Tempe lies at the foot of Olympus.

The Chaldeans were among the first to study the heavenly bodies. Abraham was a Chaldean shepherd. His descendants, the Israelites, were long in Egypt and, it is believed, carried their knowledge of astronomy there. The Egyptians carried it to Greece. The Greeks made gods of their heroes, and to commemorate them named portions of the starry heavens after them; and to-day we become familiar with the names of these deified Greeks while studying astronomy.

# V

## A VIEW OF PARNASSUS

**B**EFORE leaving Parnassus, whose snow-covered head still keeps in view, we must at least make a slight acquaintance with Delphi, which lies on its southern slope. Delphi was the seat of the famous oracle of Apollo. It was founded to commemorate the killing of Python, a serpent that lived in the caves of Parnassus and was sent out by Juno to torment Latona. When Apollo was but five days old he slew the serpent.

Apollo was the son of Jupiter and Latona, and was born on the isle of Delos. He was the most beautiful of all the great gods. Mythology tells a very pretty story, how he came from over the sea in the shape of a dolphin. When he reached the shore he came up from the water like a star and illumined the earth and heavens with his brightness. He hastened to the shrine built for him and kindled a fire on the altar.

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The site of the oracle was discovered by a goat shepherd, who observed that his herd was affected by the vapors rising from a chasm in the side of Mount Parnassus; and on coming nearer he was seized with a feeling of exhilaration and uttered wild sayings, which were believed by the people to be prophecies.

Pythia, Apollo's priestess at Delphi, was always a native of Delphi and consecrated to celibacy for life, and in the early history of the oracle was always a young girl. The oracle of Apollo or Pythia in the temple at Delphi had a space apart and was situated in the opening mentioned. Through the fissure currents of air rushed, impregnated with the fumes of gases or narcotics. Above the chasm, on a golden tripod, sat the priestess or pythoness. Her communications were of the most occult kind and had to be interpreted to the inquirer through the temple priests. From the effects of the unwholesome vapors rising from the cavern the priestess was often thrown into convulsions, which sometimes terminated in death and were at all times much dreaded by the pythoness. Not infrequently force was used to place her upon the tripod.

As the fame of the oracle extended, thousands flocked to Delphi. One priestess could not alone fill the prophetic seat, and two more were added.

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These communications were implicitly believed in as coming from Apollo, the priestess being his mouthpiece; and no enterprise or matter of moment was undertaken without first consulting the oracle. It was so venerated that the directors really held the destinies of Greece in their hands; and it should be placed to their credit that for long years the communications were favorable to the best interests of the country.

The priests of the temple were the best-informed persons in Greece. They were in possession of the latest news concerning all movements throughout the length and breadth of the land; they had spies and informers everywhere. At length bribery and corruption laid hold on the oracle, and the communications were given in accordance with the amount of revenue accompanying them, the best payer receiving prophecies to suit his interests.

The ancient Greeks had a singular custom of coming together and forming religious associations called *amphictyonies*. A number of tribes would unite in the worship of some one god, and all would take a solemn obligation to keep the temple of that god in good condition and to defend it against all common foes. They also agreed in time of war not to destroy one another's towns, nor in case of a siege to cut off running water. The Apollinic federation consisted of twelve tribes and was the largest as

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well as the most important in Greece. Apollo was the chosen god of Delphi.

The presents brought to the oracle became a great source of revenue to Delphi. Not only were the priests supported by it, but they built a grand new temple; and the pledge of the amphictyony insured to it such great security that it became the storehouse of the states of Greece. Nero at one time carried away from the temple five hundred statues, and it impoverished the collection but little, for in Pliny's time three thousand yet remained. The new temple of which we are speaking was erected during the sixth century B.C., and came to an end 395 A.D. The oracle is supposed to have been in existence as early as the fourteenth century before the Christian era. It is said that the early Christians believed that the oracle revealed the secrets of futurity, but that the communications came through evil spirits. It is not strange that some of the influences of the times in which they were born and bred should cling to them. In the distance it is easy to see that the whole device was forwarded by cunning on the one side and blank ignorance on the other.

I was very young, too young, when I commenced the study of Grecian history; but I shall never forget the poor opinion I had of Greek morals, and the confusion I was led into by the alternation of

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the name "Hellenes" for Greeks and "Hellas" for Greece. The author had carried me along with the Greeks beautifully, when all at once I found my Greeks hopelessly mixed up with the Hellenes. I worried along for a number of days with the Greeks and Hellenes and the Hellenes and Greeks. At last, in youthful exasperation, I asked my teacher, "Who are the Hellenes?" "Why," said he, "they are the sons of Hellen." Then said I, "Who are the Greeks?" "Why, why," he replied, "Greeks."

I then lacked the ability to comprehend ancient history and was too proud to ask more questions; so I began to search through my limited resources to see what I could find about the Hellenes. Unfortunately, my eye fell on the name of Helen, of Troy notoriety. I closed my book; I had read of her before. She was a disreputable beauty and of questionable parentage. After being stolen by Theseus, and giving her brothers Castor and Pollux a great deal of trouble to bring her back, she left her husband, King Menelaus of Sparta, and ran off with Prince Paris to Troy, and this last act led to a long war. No! I would have nothing to do with a woman who went junketing around the country in that style. So, ever after, when I came to the names "Hellas" and "Hellenes," I skipped the sentence or paragraph in which they occurred.

At the close of the term I found myself standing in

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Greek history at zero. I accepted the situation like a Greek, and without tears or sorrow walked out of the class-room. It is laughable now, but it was not then. A few words would have explained to me that the Hellenes were Asiatic invaders of Greece; that the sons of Hellen, their chief, were *Æolus*, Dorus, and Xuthus; and that from them sprang the *Æolians*, *Dorians*, and *Ionians* (Ion, son of Xuthus); and that these tribes became so numerous that all Greece was called "Hellas." Even to-day there is a charm in the name "Greece" that is not felt in the name "Hellas." Years ago I parted company with Hellas and the Hellenes.

As early as February the sun came down strong and men were working in the vineyards. This was on the lowlands. Greece has about as many climates as it has elevations. Whether the vineyards were of grapes or currants (which are but small grapes) I could not tell. The laborers were making hills a foot high or more around the roots of the vines, for what purpose I did not learn, but imagined that it was to retain the moisture during the heated season, which is terrific in the valleys and plains. The men were short and thick-set, and wore white duck pantaloons, though not altogether white. They leaned on their hoes and watched the train go by—a habit the world over wherever passenger-trains pass.

## A VIEW OF PARNASSUS

The soil here is productive and well watered and, is devoted entirely to the cultivation of vines. The currants we use at home for buns and puddings are largely exported from the Peloponnesus. It is eighty miles from Patras to Corinth. We made the distance in about four hours. We reached New Corinth, on the sea, in time for lunch, and stopped at a little inn by the name of De la Couronne. Here they were very kind and took much trouble to give us a good meal, make us feel at home, and let us know that our numerous boxes and bundles were perfectly safe.

## VI

### OLD CORINTH AND SALAMIS

**W**E went by carriage from New Corinth to Old Corinth, a distance of three miles and a half. The weather was perfect, the ride delightful. We followed the Patras road for a short distance, then turned and went through the fields, where there was little or no road. The freshness of springtime was there. The grain was sufficiently high to cover the ground with a tender shade of green, and where there was no grain there was a world of wild flowers. One variety, of a purplish blue, a little larger than a flax blossom, grew in such profusion as to give one the impression of a field of flax in full bloom.

On the site of Old Corinth we found a few one-story, flat-roofed, hut-like houses with idlers standing around them, who watched us with seeming curiosity. Of the ancient city there is but one relic, and that a ruin of a massive Doric temple of Nep-

## OLD CORINTH AND SALAMIS

tune (Greek Poseidon). There are seven venerable columns still standing, with a remnant of an entablature. This temple is said to be one of the oldest specimens of Doric architecture in Greece. The monolith columns are nearly twenty-four feet high, with sixteen flutes each. They taper from the base up and finish at the top with a projecting capital. The material used in construction is limestone with a reddish stucco. The work was either roughly done or time has eaten into it. The ruin bears evidence of great antiquity.

The city stood in the center of the Isthmus of Corinth, connecting the Peloponnesus with the mainland of Greece, and separating the Gulf of Corinth from the Saronic Gulf. This close proximity to two seas—one bringing trade from the East and the other bringing it from the West—gave to Corinth a far-reaching and most remarkable maritime advantage and made it the grandest commercial emporium of Greece. It was founded nearly fourteen hundred years before Christ's time. It stood on a broad, level rock at the north base of Acrocorinthus, which was a fortified rock rising nearly perpendicularly 1686 feet in height, forming one of the most formidably gigantic natural places of defense in the world. This citadel was inclosed within the city walls. On its summit stood a magnificent temple of Venus (Greek Aphrodite), goddess of love. From

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out the rock burst the classic fountain of Pieria. Mythology tells us that it was at this fountain Bellerophon seized the winged horse Pegasus, while the horse was drinking. Bellerophon rode him while warring with the Chimæra, and attempted to fly to heaven upon his back. Bellerophon had in some way offended the gods, and Jupiter sent a gadfly to sting the horse, who threw his rider and then continued on his way to heaven, where he became a constellation.

Corinth attained its greatest prosperity six hundred years before the Christian era. It was populous and had vast wealth, which led to luxury and sensuality. It became the most licentious city in Greece. The citadel was the abode and resort of the dissolute of both sexes. The inhabitants became so grossly insensible to shame that no respectable person would claim Corinth as his home. History does not mention a single name in literature as belonging to Corinth.

When Corinth was at its best and happiest the arts flourished. It is claimed that the art of painting had its beginning there, and at one time Corinth possessed the finest pictures in Greece. Statuary also had prominence, and poetry as well. It is said that when the Roman consul Mummius totally destroyed the city by fire in revenge for its leadership in the Achean League, formed against Rome,

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the great heat caused the fusion of metals and led to the discovery of brass. At that time the Romans carried away from Corinth immense treasure. The city lay in ruins a century or more, when Julius Cæsar rebuilt it. Cæsar's city was the Corinth of Paul's time.

St. Paul labored and preached here a year and a half at one time, and his work was so blessed that he founded a flourishing Christian church. After he left, the low state of morals at that time led to abuses and dissension, which he with great earnestness reproved in his two epistles to the Corinthians. In the thirteenth chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians, written from Ephesus, we find his eloquent panegyric of charity: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing."

Diogenes, the cynic philosopher, lived in Crateneion, now called Dravatici, a suburb of Corinth. He deprived himself of every comfort, wore rags, begged bread, and lived in a tub. At the age of eighty Alexander the Great visited him. When Alexander asked him, "Can I do anything for

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you?" his reply was, "Yes; you can remove from between me and the sun." This so pleased the king that he said, "Were I not Alexander, I would be Diogenes."

It was late in the afternoon when we left Corinth for Athens. Our route lay along the north shore of the Saronic Gulf. We had scarcely counted our small baggage, and asked ourselves how many travelers would visit Corinth if St. Paul had not been there before them, when we found ourselves on a high modern iron bridge spanning a deep, wide ditch. This ditch proved to be the ship-canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, which severs the Peloponnesus from the mainland and unites the Gulf of Corinth with the Saronic Gulf. It is said not to be a new thought, but that Nero in his time planned the same enterprise. In ancient times there used to be a sort of tram across from one sea to the other, over which they pushed small vessels.

As we went on, climbing a little and descending a little to match it, now dodging into a tunnel and in another instant catching a glimpse of the sea, it really seemed that the south of France had come to travel with us and make us feel that this was a land well known and well loved, and no strange land at all.

As the day was finishing we recognized the rocky, mountainous island of Salamis. It was a most im-

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pressive sight at this calm hour, when day weds night and all the earth keeps silence. Not a ship that rides the sea disturbed the mirror-like surface of the water. It seemed impossible that this peaceful bay had once been the scene of one of the most thrilling and decisive naval battles of history.

In the autumn of 480 b.c. the Persian army was pressing on Athens. In terror and almost despair, the women and children were transferred to Salamis, and Athens was left to the torch and firebrand of Xerxes' soldiers. The little Grecian fleet of three hundred and eighty ships took a position in the narrows between the island and the shore. The Persian fleet consisted of thirteen hundred vessels of war. Along the shore of Attica stretched the Persian army. Every available eminence was occupied by spectators of the coming struggle. Near by on a mountain height sat Xerxes on a golden throne, surrounded by his guards. Athens was smoking in the distance. The Greeks were frenzied and desperate. The Persians, inspired by the presence of their king, were filled with a wild ambition for conquest and power. The Greeks led the attack.

"At first the main line of the Persian fleet  
Stood the harsh shock ; but soon their multitude  
Became their ruin ; in the narrow frith  
They might not use their strength, and, jammed together,  
Their ships with brazen beaks did bite each other,

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And shattered their own oars. Meanwhile the Greeks  
Stroke after stroke dealt dexterous all around,  
Till our ships showed their keels, and the blue sea  
Was seen no more, with multitude of ships  
And corpses covered; all the shores were strewn,  
And the rough rocks with dead; till, in the end,  
Each ship in the barbaric host, that yet  
Had oars, in most disordered plight rowed off." \*

Athens and Sparta fought Xerxes' formidable army almost alone; all the other states having, on the demand of Xerxes for a tribute of earth and water (an Oriental symbol of submission), answered to the demand.

The day had been beautiful, and when the evening came on it was divine. As the sun sank in the west it painted the mountains in the loveliest tints and striped the sea like a rainbow, and when the sun bade us good-night the great luminous moon mounted into the heavens and flooded the scene with its silvery light, that we might not see our precious pictures fade and darken, but have added to them mysterious and heavenly beauty.

\* Translated from the Persian of Æschylus by Professor Blackie. It is a remarkable fact that the great tragic poets Æschylus and Sophocles both participated in this battle; and on the same day, in Salamis, Euripides was born.

## VII

### FIRST VIEWS OF ATHENS



E arrived in Athens late for dinner, and hurried through a warmed-over meal that was cold again, and then took a carriage for the Acropolis. We drove some distance along the edge of the city till we came to a winding driveway that led up to the Acropolis. Near the top was a gate, where we alighted, and a sentinel allowed us through. We then ascended a flight of stairs, passed through the propylæa, turned to the left, and found ourselves in an open, grass-grown court, with the Parthenon in full view. There was an ugly rent in its side, made with Turkish powder, and some of its columns lay on the ground like wounded giants after a battle. Still, there was its grandeur of size, its harmony of proportions, its finely wrought art work in pure white marble, which rendered it a sublime object that neither time nor the vicissitudes of war had been able to overcome.

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I had made mental reservations before visiting the Parthenon; I had seen much of the “greatest and grandest in the world,” and, besides, I was weary of so much sentiment; I intended to look calmly, even critically, at the Parthenon; but I was conquered. I never before had a structure so move the emotional within me. There it stood, so bravely, so proudly, so silently, with its smaller misfortunes all repaired by the soft light of a midnight moon. It was a vision, a revelation. I gazed at it till exhausted, and for rest turned to the rampart and looked down on the white city of modern Athens sleeping on the plain bordered by the dark mountains of Parnes, Hymettus, and Pentelicus, and the shadowy olive woods of Cephissus. But the night was advancing, and I was to come again. On our way back to the carriage I discovered that the ground in places was covered with white daisies, and I gathered a bunch. The day had been one long joy, the night a beautiful dream.

To pass into dreamland with the imagination filled with a panorama of beautiful pictures seen in nature and art, and awaken in a modern bedroom filled with the odors of a meat breakfast, is like dropping from cloud-land into the sea.

We brought with us no picture of a modern European city, but of Athens in her glory and greatness, with palaces and temples embellished

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with art and inhabited by the learned and mighty, robed in garments of artistic grace. We look out of our window and—what do we see? Modern houses of no great pretensions, also a modern square; and across it men, ordinary men, are walking, dressed in pantaloons, sack-coats, and derby hats. Along the street is passing a rude street-car, with wheels grinding and curtains flapping. Two uncurried horses are attached to this carryall by hemp ropes. The driver stands in front, holding a pair of limp lines. He wears a long overcoat buttoned across his breast, held by one button, while at the sides the garment takes the turn of a cutaway, carrying its width to the back, where it hangs in folds. All that is to be seen of his head and face from under a faded, lop-rimmed hat is his red nose and shaggy beard. The horses are shambling along, in motion keeping up the appearance of a trot, while in reality they are making less speed than a walk. We surely are let down to the commonplace.

We order our breakfast, and while waiting take up our brand-new Baedeker and open on Athens. We knew perfectly well that there was a modern Athens, but it had no place in our plans or thoughts. It is a sad and sorry truth that travelers do not visit Athens for what it is, but for what it has been. We turn the leaves of our new red book and read of baths and bankers, minsters and antiquities, and

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that Athens has a population of a hundred thousand, and more men than women, and that its industries and commerce are small. We cut a leaf and our eye meets Pausanias—a pleasant meeting. We know him, and are glad to see him, and we have mutual friends. To be sure, he had the advantage of being in Athens in the second century, and could give glowing descriptions of her splendor at that time, while we come in the nineteenth century, and only know of the past what he has told us.

Not being able to interest ourselves in modern Athens, we engaged a dragoman and set out to explore whatever we could find of the ancient city. All through the East we found two kinds of dragomans—one kind who knew everything and was all knowledge, and another kind who knew nothing but money. Yes, there was a third kind, but they were scarce and valuable. This time the one full of knowledge fell to our lot, and if I had only dared to remember half he told me I might now be learned and hope to be entertaining. However, when visiting places that require but little time—such as localities and remains of historic buildings and modern Athens—it saves time and fatigue to take a carriage and employ a dragoman, and by doing so we become better acquainted with our surroundings and thus gain independence. But when one is at the Acropolis and Mars' Hill, or

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wanders through the many places where one wishes to read or study, a dragoman is by no means desirable; his presence tends to distract rather than to aid.

All that is visible of ancient Athens is near the modern city or scattered through it. I was surprised and delighted to find so much that had belonged to the classic city. There are many structures still in tolerably good condition, and very many ruins whose every stone and column tells a long and sometimes fearful story. I have no great faith that a black-and-white description of these structures and remains of structures would very much entertain, and I shall not speak of them at any great length, but will simply touch on them sufficiently to give the reader an idea of what still exists and is yet to be seen of the great Athens of the past.

## VIII

### A RAMBLE AMONG RUINS

**W**E were first taken to the stadium and on our way shown the classic Ilissus "gone dry." Of the stadium only a portion of the wall remains, and that is bare of the marble which once veneered it, the marble having been taken off and burned for lime. The stadium was once the playground of Athens, and must have seen many a gala-day, when sixty thousand people filled the seats to witness the racing and other sports to be seen there. It is semicircular in shape, and the course was six hundred and seventy feet long. This same structure or inclosure recently has been restored for the reproduction of the games of ancient Greece.

We next stopped a moment to look at the arch of Hadrian. This has a special interest as being the dividing line between that part of Athens rebuilt by Hadrian and named after him, and the old

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city, the city of Theseus. From this fact or from spite, perhaps from both, it bears two inscriptions. On one side the inscription reads, "This is Athens, the city of Theseus;" on the other side, "This is the city of Hadrian and not of Theseus." Standing alone as the arch now does, both of these inscriptions are rather high-sounding.

Not far from the arch stood the temple of the Olympian Zeus, a structure of great splendor. Of the one hundred Corinthian columns that surrounded it, but fifteen are standing. I was greatly interested in one that had fallen. The drums, or blocks of stone that composed it, had kept their position in falling, and separated but just enough to give an opportunity of seeing across their diameters. Looking at these columns while standing, it is impossible to conceive of their vast size; nor is it easy to calculate their size as they lie on the ground, unless the circumference and diameter of the drums can be seen separately, when their huge size is apparent.

Close to the perpendicular walls of the Acropolis we found the theater of Dionysus. Here is offered a good opportunity to study an ancient theater. In its ground-plan it is not unlike the theaters of to-day. It was placed near the Acropolis to gain the incline for the semicircular seats. The stage is well preserved, as are also the steps leading from

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the stage to the orchestra, and the paving of the orchestra still remains. The materials are stone and marble. It was built for open-air use. On this spot dramatic art in Greece had its beginning. Here the works of *Æschylus*, Euripides, Sophocles, and Aristophanes first gained popular favor. Two minutes' walk from this theater brings us to the portentous Odeum of Herodes Atticus. In general make-up it resembles the theater of Dionysus.

Three minutes farther from the Acropolis, and up a little incline, we were shown the traditional prison of Socrates. It is in three small compartments, all hewn in the solid rock. One of these rooms has an opening at the top for light and air. There would be small chance for one unassisted to escape through this opening, as the roof is rotunda-shaped.

The hill of the Pnyx is made interesting by a graded space nearly four hundred feet long and over two hundred feet wide. To gain this space, or platform, the builders cut into the rock on one side and on the other built up a wall. This Pnyx is believed to be the place where the Athenians held their political assemblies, and this structure is thought to be one of the earliest in Athens. Our guide was "positive certain" that from this platform Demosthenes delivered his memorable Philippic.

## A RAMBLE AMONG RUINS

Mars' Hill, or Areopagus, is a foot-hill of the Acropolis, separated from it by a slight depression. It would suit nature better to call it a rock. As a hill it is insignificant; as a rock it is grand. It is simply a living rock. There have been a dozen or more steps cut in the side of this rock to assist in its ascent, but use and time have left them of little service, and the climb to the top, though short, is rather difficult. The top of this rocky eminence seems to have been leveled in places. It is precipitous at the southeast side, while the rest slopes rather abruptly to the plain. In some places the hill has a shallow covering of earth; in other places the rock is bare. A dwarfish kind of grass and a few short-stemmed wild flowers grow upon it—one a little yellow kind, that looks like an unprosperous dandelion.

At the time of our visit to it we encountered many rambling around with the same kind of Bible in their hands, but with a very different creed in their head; and some of them had very decided opinions as to where St. Paul stood when he delivered his speech as related in Acts. I followed along till weary, listening to those who ought to know better than I, and then consulted the best adviser a traveler is liable to meet with, and read: "The agora, or market-place, of the ancient city lay on the north side of the Areopagus; and it was

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probably on that face of the hill that Paul stood in the spring of 54 A.D. and delivered the speech we have an account of in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles." I found a good position on that side of the hill and read the chapter; so did a number of others.

This hill, with its double name and its mixed history of courts and Christianity, had always been a rather confusing memory with me; and after reading the chapter I unstrapped my books, and decided, while on the spot, to clear my mind in regard to Mars' Hill and the Areopagus. The name "Areopagus" was given to a court established by Cecrops. This body was composed of the most worthy and religious of the Athenians, and of such archons, or magistrates, as had distinguished themselves for faithful and judicious service. Its judges were called "Areopagiteæ." It held its councils in the open air in the daytime and gave decisions at night. It had jurisdiction over murders, immorality, impiety, and idleness, and had charge of the public treasury. St. Paul appeared before this court. It was called "Mars' Hill" from the fact that Ares, or Mars, was the first person tried here, for the murder of Halirrhothius. Near at hand is a church dedicated to Dionysius the Areopagite, Paul's first convert in Athens.

Little of interest now remains at the agora, where

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the life of that ancient city was once so strongly felt. Shorn of its buildings and statuary, and, indeed, of nearly everything linking it to the past, it is difficult to reproduce in the imagination the living tide that ebbed and flowed along this now quiet quarter. It was once the common resort and center of interest in Athens. The chief amusements of the Athenians consisted in listening to orations, lectures, and the disputation of philosophers in the market-place, together with walking in the public parks and marching in processions during public festivals.

## IX

### FROM THE TOMBS TO THE TOWER



UTSIDE the Dipylon, or double gate, is the Street of Tombs. The burying of the dead with the Greeks was made an occasion of great display and ceremony. After death the body was washed and anointed and attired in costly robes, and a crown of flowers placed on the head. A small coin was then put into the mouth with which to pay the ferriage over the river Styx. The corpse was constantly attended by relatives, friends, and hired mourners, who for two or three days kept up wailing and lamentations, often accompanied by the plaintive notes of the lute. When these days of mourning had passed the body was placed in a coffin and a procession formed. First came the musicians, playing or singing melancholy airs; next came the male relatives, attired in black; then the coffin containing the deceased; and last the women. At the place of interment the name of the dead one

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was called aloud, wine was poured over the ground, and sacrifices were offered to the gods. Then the body was burned or buried, according to the wishes of the deceased. If it was burned the ashes were gathered and put in a vase and then buried.

The ancient Greeks had a custom of burying their dead on either side of some highway leading out from the city. These were usually fashionable roadways. This is said to be the only burial street left in Greece. All the large monuments are standing in their original positions. It is a sad but fascinating interest we take in searching along this street and trying to understand the thoughts and feelings intended to be interpreted to us through these sculptured stones. They are of various shapes and sizes. There are temple-like monuments, sarcophagi, slabs, and vases. They bear the names of heroes and statesmen, husbands, wives, and families.

In a family plot we saw a monument erected to Dexilius, a young Athenian, who distinguished himself for personal heroism in battle. The relief on the monument represents him in the act of striking down the foe. Near by is the tomb of Hegero, which is considered very beautiful. The relief on this tomb represents a lady at her toilet with an attending female slave. Close at hand is another tomb, the relief showing a husband and

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wife grasping hands. In the background are two male figures. Some of these reliefs are life-size. Animals also are represented. The ones I have mentioned will give a general idea of the tombs in this street. The vases found in the excavations had been used as receptacles for the ashes of the burned dead.

The Greeks had a belief in the immortality of the soul and also in a place for rewards and punishments. After death, Charon, the ferryman of the river Styx, which was the boundary between life and death, rowed the spirit across the river to the dominions of Pluto. There the soul was judged by three judges. If adjudged wicked it was condemned to torment; if good it passed to heavenly rest.

The Academy, once a gymnasium and made celebrated from its association with the name of Plato, is about a mile from the present city. From the long consultation between our learned guide and our rather unwilling coachman, I should judge that not many visitors to Athens drove out to Plato's retirement. We entered the Academy grounds through a rude gateway. Not far from the entrance was a peasant's cottage. In front of the cottage were garden flowers in blossom, and at one side an olive grove. The rest of the land appeared to have been cultivated the year before, but at that time was undisturbed by spade or plow.

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It was easy to remember that this stretch of land had once been beautiful with walks and groves and pleasant places, but it was not easy to imagine all those things when looking at the now commonplace landscape. Yet it was a satisfaction to see a spot where Plato had walked and talked and had been reverenced almost like a god. It certainly has been a strange leading that through these visits and talks by Plato this place—which was named after Academus, the owner, and used as exercise-and pleasure-grounds—should at the present time give its name to our abodes of the arts and sciences.

On leaving the Academy, the guide broke some twigs from an olive-tree and handed them to me. A little girl from the cottage gathered some flowers and smilingly gave them to me. I bowed to her mother standing near, and my visit to the Academy was at an end.

In olden times the road from here to the Dipylon was remarkable for the statuary of eminent Greeks placed along each side the way, and somewhere in the neighborhood was shown the grave of Plato. There is nothing of the kind now to be seen.

Not far from the Academy is Colonos, an eminence rendered historical as the birthplace and home of Sophocles, and for the exile of Oedipus, and also as the scene of Sophocles's "Oedipus Coloneus." This is the work Sophocles read before the judges

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at the time when his son, that he might come into possession of his father's estate, charged him with imbecility. After the reading the case was immediately dismissed. Sophocles was then in old age. The story of Oedipus is a pathetic as well as a tragic one.

There are in Athens, on the plain, three ancient buildings of special note—the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, sometimes called the Lantern of Diogenes, the Tower of the Winds, and the temple of Theseus. These are still in fair condition when we take into consideration the common enemy, time. They represent a period in which Athens was at her best.

The monument is a small circular building of the Corinthian style and is very beautiful. It is said to be the oldest structure of the Corinthian order now in existence. As it is the last of many monuments that were placed in this vicinity by the winners of the Dionysiac games, its history is very impressive. The inscription translated reads thus: "Lysicrates, son of Lysithides of Cicyura, was choragus when the boy chorus of the phyle Acamantis won the prize. Theon was flute-player. Lysiades of Athens trained them. Euaentos was archon." The name of the archon enables the historian to fix the date as 335 or 334 B.C.

The Tower of the Winds is a unique structure of

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diagonal shape, built during the last century before the Christian era. It is about seventy-five feet in circumference and between forty and forty-five feet high. It is in good condition, considering its antiquity. The eight sides indicate the different points of the compass, and each side is illustrated by a relief, as follows: on the north side is a disagreeable-looking old man in a heavy cloak; on the northeast, an old man scattering hailstones from out a shield; on the east, a young man with fruit and ears of corn; on the southeast, an old man wrapped in a mantle, prepared for rain; on the south, Notos, the rain-bringer, a young man with a large water-vessel; on the southwest, Lips, with a part of a ship in his hand, representing a favorable harbor wind; on the west, a youth with flowers in the folds of his garment; on the northwest, Scyron with a vase. In olden times the tower was surmounted by a Triton, who with his staff pointed out the direction of the wind.

# X

## THE THESEION AND ITS STORY

**T**HE temple of Theseus, or Theseion, is the largest and best preserved of the ancient buildings above mentioned. It owed its origin to the transfer of the bones of Theseus from Scyros to Athens. It is of Doric style and so massively constructed that it has withstood for over two thousand years the storms of heaven, the missiles of war, and the earthquake shock.

The inside of the temple has been disfigured by trying to change a pagan thing into something Christian. These Grecian temples were constructed as shrines for their gods and goddesses. They were beautifully and artistically built and suited well their purpose, and why Christians should wish to burrow in them I cannot understand. I never entered a chapel squeezed into one of these places that I did not feel an impulse to turn and run.

## THE THESEION AND ITS STORY

Better pitch a tent, like Abraham, than attempt to remodel a place built for a certain purpose and suited to no other.

As there is some dispute about this temple, I will now leave it to the learned to decide or contend over, as they have done. Having no more to say of the temple, I would like to write briefly of King Theseus. But here I meet with another obstacle. Some say that there was no King Theseus. Well, no one is obliged to believe it. If they do not like Theseus and Lord Bacon would suit them better, they can call him Lord Bacon; but it is sheer folly to ignore a name that runs through all Grecian history. The Greeks believed everything and anything, in reason and out of it, and so we find them closely blending fact and fiction. Theseus lived at a time when they were the most fanciful and romantic. There is no name below the gods that stands out like his, and no one character that so perfectly sets forth the real and mythological history of that ancient nation. Thucydides wrote of him, and I believe in him, so I will proceed with his story.

Theseus was fourth King of Greece and, it is thought, began his reign about 1231 B.C. This was before the Trojan War, and accuracy in detail is out of the question. He was beyond doubt a man of great energy and courage, and, added to that, he

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had the winning power, which is sometimes to one's good and sometimes not. His reign was important as the beginning of a new era in the advancement of democratic ideals and general civilization. The first King of Attica divided the state into twelve districts, each possessing its own laws and courts of justice. Interests so divided led to warring among themselves.

Theseus, through unselfish acts and strategy, gained such popularity in these districts as to make it possible for him to induce the inhabitants of these communes to consolidate all these small governments into one, with Athens as a governing center. Then he gave to all freemen, without distinction of class, the right to vote. He retained control of the army and held the first place in the government. It was during his reign that the men of Attica first laid aside their arms and military dress. He also taught his subjects to worship the gods, instituted marriage, and abolished bloody sacrifices. Under this wise and generous policy Attica gained the ascendancy over all the other Grecian states. Nearly all the other states, appreciating this advantage, followed Attica's example, and there was great advancement throughout all Greece. Good authors believe this much to be tolerably correct history. When we come to speak of Theseus and the incidents of his life we come to the mythical and mar-

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velous. The Greek heroes were all marvels. The story says:

Before the birth of Theseus, King *Ægeus*, his father, took *Æthra*, his mother, to her father's court in Trœzen, where she was to remain until the troublous times then in Attica should cease. When about to leave her, he conducted her to a lonely place not far from Trœzen, where was an immense rock with a deep cavity in the center. In this cavity he put a hunting-knife and a pair of sandals, and over them he placed a huge block of marble, saying to *Æthra* that the heir to his kingdom must prove his right to the throne by removing the block of marble and bringing the knife and sandals to Athens.

Theseus easily raised the marble block and was instructed by his mother to carry these tokens of his strength and parentage to his father in Athens. The way from Trœzen to Athens was long and toilsome, besides being infested by marauding bands of robbers. Theseus was advised to make the journey by water, but he despised fear and traveled overland. Along the coast of the Saronic Gulf he encountered numerous bands of robbers, whom he overcame, and in one instance he slew a notorious chieftain by the name of Procrustes. This cruel chief, it is said, had a bed on which he placed his captives. If the bed proved too short he cut off

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their limbs sufficiently to fit them to the length of the bed; if they were too short to fit the bed he stretched them by rack till they did fit.

There is another story, yes, many; but one comes to mind, which has a poetical turn and which gives another side to the romantic character of Theseus. The story runs on to tell that there was a festival at Athens, in which a son of King Minos of Crete competed in the games with the Athenian youths and won the prize of honor. The young Athenians were chagrined, and in revenge sought an opportunity and assassinated the prince. King Minos swore revenge on Athens and sent an army by ship to punish the Athenians for committing the double crime of murder and breach of the laws of hospitality.

The gods took the part of King Minos, and sent upon Athens drought, famine, and pestilence. After great distress the Athenians begged for peace. The terms demanded the terrible tribute of seven young men and seven maidens once in nine years. So every ninth year all the young men and maidens in Athens were assembled in the market-place, and lots were cast to decide who should be sacrificed to the wrath of the infuriated King of Crete. The story says that when they arrived in Crete they were put in the labyrinth, the palace prison of Minos. This was a vast structure with numerous

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galleries and numberless intricate winding passages, besides a great number of courts, all of which made escape from it almost, if not quite, beyond hope, the victim, in attempting to escape, being just as liable to follow the way leading farther and farther into the labyrinth as that leading out of it. This place Minos also used as a prison for Minotaur, a monster represented as half man and half beast —the body of a man, with the head of an animal; withal he was of monstrous size. To the center of this prison the young Athenian victims were led and there left to be devoured by Minotaur.

After the third drawing in Athens Prince Theseus made his appearance in the story. He begged his father, King Aegeus, to permit him to go on ship-board and sail to Crete with the unfortunate Athenian youths and maidens, in the hope of being able in some way to save their lives. The king was loath to give his consent, fearing that Theseus might never return; but Theseus declared it both cowardly and disgraceful to allow innocent persons to be sacrificed without making any attempt to save them. In this way he prevailed and gained the king's consent.

Before the ship sailed the king gave Theseus a white flag, telling him that if he returned he was to hoist this flag when nearing the harbor, but that if he perished he (the king) would know it by the

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black sails of the ship, bearing no white signal. The ship sailed, and, passing safely over the sea, they landed at Crete and were cast into the depths of the labyrinth.

While these victims were passing the palace gate, Ariadne, the beautiful daughter of King Minos, saw Theseus, and, moved by sympathy that turned to love (which has often occurred), managed to convey to him a ball of thread, instructing him to fasten it at the entrance of the prison, that he might thus be enabled to find his way back. Not long after they entered the labyrinth the man-beast came bellowing after them; but before he could harm them Theseus came to the front, encountered the monster, and slew him. Following, according to Ariadne's instructions, the thread back to the entrance, they all made their escape. Ariadne fled with Theseus, but at the island of Naxos he deserted her—the by no means infrequent fate of women followers of heroes. Poor Ariadne married Dionysus, the wine god, who, instead of making a pretty barmaid of her, as might have been expected, gave her a crown of seven stars, and after her death she became a constellation.

But we are telling of Theseus. He sailed away to Athens. His deeds, good and evil, so preyed upon him that he forgot to raise the white flag; and his father, watching from the Acropolis, thought his

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son was dead, and in despair threw himself from the walls to the plain below and was killed. Theseus became king, and then followed the good laws and prosperity of Athens. I am sorry to say that afterward Theseus lost his balance and became as prankish as Jupiter. This, too, has happened to heroes before.

King Tyndareus of Lacedæmon had a beautiful daughter named Helen. Theseus, with an intimate friend by the name of Pirithous, formed a plan to steal Helen for himself and Princess Proserpina for Pirithous. They had so far succeeded as to have secured Helen when the two abductors fell into the hands of the father of Proserpina, who put Pirithous to death and threw Theseus into prison. Castor and Pollux, brothers of Helen, restored her to her home and ravaged Attica in revenge. Theseus was now in disgrace. The Athenians refused to accept him again as king, and he retired into exile in the island of Scyros, where he lost his life through the treachery of the king of the island, who hurled him from a precipice.

Mythology tells us that when Pirithous descended into Hades to carry off Proserpina, he remained there forever, and that Theseus was set at liberty by Hercules when he visited Hades to take away Cerberus. This is getting rather deep into mythology, and we will only add further that this act of

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Theseus touches close on the Trojan War, Helen being the wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta, and of course the same Helen that Paris, son of King Priam, induced to abandon her husband and elope with him to Troy. We have now only to open Homer's poem and leave you to read the story of the Trojan War.

## XI

### THE "MILLS OF THE GODS"



UR hearts have warmed toward poor struggling Greece, and of late we have been spending a good deal of time with modern Athens.

Poor Athens fell into the "mills of the gods" and was ground "exceeding small." In 1834, when the seat of government was transferred to Athens from Nauplia, Athens was but an unimportant town of a few hundred houses; now it is a beautiful city with spacious squares, broad boulevards, and handsome public buildings.

Athens was made very poor by oppression, and is very poor yet, but should have great credit for what she has accomplished in a comparatively short period of time. As yet she must turn the dial back for glory. That she does, and is trying to come up, phoenix-like, from her ashes. Athens well knows that all that is left of her ancient greatness is her art and erudition. When we think of what was

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hers in art, alas! she is now poor indeed. The little left her that the English, French, and Romans have not carried to their museums, or the Turks carried off or destroyed, she is now gathering into museums of her own, that she may attract artists as well as lovers of art.

In educational advantages she has made great advancement. I cannot say that these advantages are comparatively as great as they were when no Roman youth thought his education completed until he had studied oratory in Athens. It did seem, however, as though the spark had caught and might grow to a blaze when I heard an American lady say, "I am on my way to visit my two sons, who are studying Greek in Athens." Surely the boy studying Greek in Athens has advantages over the boy studying Greek in America, be it modern or classic Greek. It is said by scholars that modern Greek literature approaches the classic and is quite easily read by a classic Greek scholar. The divergence between the two forms of the language is attributed to Byzantine influence while Greece was under the long and oppressive rule of Turkey. As in many other countries, the colloquial language of the peasants differs in different localities.

Athens can well be proud of her university, her Academy of Science, Polytechnic Institute, obser-

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vatory, library building, French academy, school for girls, and her many museums and societies in aid of education and research. Many of these buildings have been personal gifts. To the industry and enterprise of Dr. Schliemann Athens is indebted for some of her most valuable and interesting collections of antiquities.

Dr. Schliemann went out so suddenly from an active life that it seems almost impossible he is no more. His palace-like home in the Rue de l'Université was always open to his admirers, and is yet, but it is a sad place. He was not permitted to finish all the work he had planned, but his faithful Greek wife expressed her determination to have the excavations continued. This is within her reach, for Dr. Schliemann left a large fortune. The care of the income from his investments and rentable property in Athens, Paris, and Berlin had become quite a worry to him.

When we think of Dr. Schliemann as a poor boy in a grocery store, weeping over the melodious verses of Homer, and taking money from his slim salary to hire a tipsy vagabond to recite them to him, we can at once appreciate his early Greek inclinations, sympathize with him in his struggles, and rejoice at his grand achievements.

I was told that Mrs. Schliemann has a daughter named Andromache and a son named Agamemnon.

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I was not sufficiently educated in antiquities to enjoy all of Dr. Schliemann's finds, but I did enjoy viewing many golden ornaments, golden cups exquisitely wrought, and golden masks,—masks that had covered the faces of the dead of high degree,—also various other objects to be seen at the Polytechnic Institute.

I will not punish any one with a description of the things to be seen in this collection or any other, in Athens or elsewhere. It is a rare gift to describe works of art well, and a much rarer gift to be able to profit by such descriptions. The presence of genius is felt, and to be felt its works must be seen.

One day on our way back to the hotel we paid our compliments to the royal palace. At the entrance we were met by a tall, fine-looking man dressed in dark livery, who showed us through the palace. I was much pleased with the visit.

The King of Greece was Prince George of Denmark; the queen a Russian lady, cousin to the czar. The king is a noble ruler and the queen is much beloved. Prince George, crown prince and Duke of Sparta, was born in Athens, and the Greeks have great pride in him. He married the sister of the Emperor of Germany.

The royal family are said to be very democratic in their ways. The king and queen are often seen walking together in the streets of Athens. Their

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simplicity becomes them so long as the majority of their subjects live in the most frugal manner; the very poor subsist mostly on bread and olives.

The palace is a large, square, plain structure built of Pentelic marble and limestone, an Ionic colonnade running along the front entrance. After visiting a number of royal palaces in Europe, the simplicity and plainness of the interior of this one quite charmed us. In what I will name the drawing-room the home feeling was strong with me. The floor was carpeted with a light-colored French carpet of pretty pattern; on the tables were objects of art, presents to the family, and a veritable photograph-album, which I looked through in a good old-fashioned way, and was repaid by the sight of many eminent as well as many pretty faces.

In passing from one room to another we came upon two young princes. They smiled and scampered down the hall, like children who were accustomed to a good time and had not been turned to steel or stone by royal restraint. We spent a few moments in the throne-room. I was there impressed by the justice done to the great men of Greece and those that had aided her, by painting their portraits in good size along the frieze of the room.

Among these portraits was one of Lord Byron. I have nothing to say in defense of Lord Byron's

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morals, love of fame, or personal vanity ; but Byron came to Greece in her direst necessity, and compelled, through his force and eloquence, the election to the head of government of the patriotic Prince Mavrocordatos. He also gave freely of his fortune, and at last, in a wretched town, in wretched quarters, lay down and died for her. I am glad that Greece is not ungrateful and has painted his face among the faces of the great men of the country.

A few years before the war of liberation Byron visited Athens and wrote his "Maid of Athens." The story in connection with this poem is rather interesting. While in Athens he resided with the widow of an English consul, who had three beautiful and accomplished daughters. For Theresa he professed the tender passion, which was not returned by the fair charmer, and Byron, for once at least, met with a rebuff. According to a custom of love-making in Greece, Byron wounded himself across the breast with a dagger while in her presence, and, receiving no sympathy, eased his disappointed passion in verse:

"Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart !  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!"

## XII

### THE ACROPOLIS—A PARTING VIEW

**I**T is wonderful what a conciliatory effect a night of sweet sleep, followed by a delicious cup of coffee, has upon a worn traveler. I had for days been searching in ruins and rubbish, trying to find the substance of “youth’s bright dreams,” which had been as fanciful as beautiful. Each day during my stay in Athens I had from our little balcony taken a first look at the Parthenon at dawn and a last look by moonlight. This morning I dressed by gaslight and treated myself to a half-hour view. I was surrounded by the same hills and mountains as the ancients, and yonder was the same citadel hill, that time had little changed.

How fitted was that rocky eminence uprising from the plain for a citadel! It did not require any great foresight in Cecrops, the Egyptian, armed with useful knowledge, to comprehend that nature had prepared for him a place of defense, and that,

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if he only took possession and reared his embattlements, as naturally as day follows night a city would grow around it, of which he would probably in time be the first king. Whether he foresaw it or not, it all transpired.

While standing there the sun came up, painting the encircling hills and mountains in roseate hues of purple and violet. In looking at them I saw the "violet crown of Athens." This morning I felt at rest and peace with Athens modern and ancient. I had spent days searching out all that was left of the Athens I had come to see. The city of the past was as well established in my mind as the city of the present, which I at last had deigned to admire.

In this pleasant frame of mind I decided to make my second and last visit to the Acropolis. I had so thoroughly enjoyed my first visit, and so soon after fell into the entanglements of a strange modern city, that I felt somewhat loath to go again, for fear my first beautiful impressions might be driven away. On the evening of my first visit my mind was so occupied with the thought of seeing the Parthenon that the park-like aspect of the carriage-way leading up to it was quite lost sight of. The driveway with its short curves passes through handsomely dressed grass-grounds systematically planted with shrubs and century-plants. This smart-looking, well-cared-for approach impresses

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one as being a little out of sorts with its surroundings. I felt as though I was paying a visit to some imperial palace where all was decay and death except the gardens and gardener.

The Parthenon, or temple of Athena, stands on the summit of the Acropolis and on the site of the temple burned by the Persians. It is now, as of old, the crowning glory of Athens and the nearest perfect specimen of architecture in the world. It was opened for public worship 438 b.c. It is commanding in size, being two hundred and twenty-six feet long, one hundred feet wide, and seventy feet high. It is built of the whitest Pentelic marble, and was constructed during the administration of Pericles and under the superintendence of Phidias. The architecture is of the purest Doric. It was richly adorned with sculpture, gilding, and painting. There were sixty-two large and thirty-six small columns, and fifty life-sized statues for the pediment. The frieze was five hundred and fifty-four feet in length, with ninety-two metopes.

“The columns taper gradually toward the top and show also a slight swelling or convexity in the middle, which has the effect of imparting to them an appearance of graceful and elastic strength. The flutes diminish in width, though not in depth, as they approach the capital—an arrangement by which a fine effect is produced.” Whether all this

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is so or not, I do not know; I never could look at this structure critically, only admiringly. The effect satisfied me, and I should never have guessed, or tried to guess, how it was produced, and I even object to reading or writing about it. Why not enjoy it and never mind the measurements used in the making?

In the cella of the temple was placed the statue of Athena Parthenos, thirty-nine feet high and made of ivory and gold, materials thought suitable by the Greeks for the representation of divine images. In all works of this kind the center, or core, consisted of wood; on this the figure was modeled in some plastic material. Over this plastic material were placed plates of ivory, which represented the nude portions of the statue. The garments were formed in gold; it is estimated that no less than forty thousand dollars' worth of this precious metal was used in the garment of this statue. There is a miniature imitation of the statue of Athena Parthenos in the National Museum. The statue is three feet and a few inches high, and has been very valuable in settling many disputes. The goddess is clothed in a chiton confined at the waist by a Greek girdle.

Greece at the time of the Persian invasion possessed a hundred ivory statues of colossal size. After the close of the Persian War the Acropolis

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was no longer held as a fortified place of defense, but became a city of temples of high artistic merit and great magnificence. The Greeks believed—and need we wonder?—that their gods and goddesses aided them in battle, and their grateful hearts found the expression of that gratitude in the erection of temples for their worship.

Happy chance has just put me in possession of an accurate description of the Greek chiton as worn by Athena. So much has been said about this classic garment, and so many sorry attempts have been made to reproduce it, that I believe the following accurate description will prove interesting to many, if not to all.

“The length of the Greek chiton is the height of the wearer, measured from the crown of the head; the width twice the length; so that the garment forms a square sewed up—the square, that is, of the person with the arms extended. There is a hem at the bottom, and the trimming, if any, is placed immediately above it. Four loops are now set on the upper edge, back and front, at a distance of rather less than the width of the shoulders. A small bunch of plaits is made where each loop is sewn on, and the border of the stuff turned in about two inches.

“The plaits and doubling of the stuff strengthen the hold of the loops; while the one gives richness

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to the folds, the other adds softness to the upper line of the dress. The description of the garment is now complete. Before putting it on a length of firm ribbon is crossed over the back and breast and fastened reversely at the waist. On this—well to the front of each shoulder, just at the point where a milkmaid carries her pails—two ornamental buttons are sewed, and to them the tunic is hung by its four loops. The dress being fastened on the shoulders, the zone completes its adjustment, the wearer drawing the garment through it in front, and still more at the sides, until a convenient length is attained. With some knowledge of the hang of classic drapery, no difficulty is found in disposing the folds in a manner to set tailoring at defiance. Over this garment it was the practice of Grecian women, as well for purposes of dignity and state as for warmth, to drape shawls and scarfs in an endless variety of arrangements.”

In a work on architecture I read an interesting account of the traditional beginnings of the art idea in the different styles of Grecian architecture. This author related that the Doric style was suggested by the sturdy form of man; the scrolls on each side of the column representing the curls of hair, and the flutings the folds of drapery. The Ionic, which had its beginning in the Grecian Orient, was modeled from the graceful proportions of the

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female figure. The prettiest story of all is that told of the Corinthian style. A nurse put the toys of a departed child in a basket and placed them on the child's grave. By accident the basket stood on the roots of an acanthus. In the spring the leaves, as they grew, curled gracefully around the basket and under a flat stone, which had been laid on the top of the basket. Callimachus, the sculptor, caught the idea, and worked out at Corinth the beautiful capital since called after that city.

I will not attempt to describe the grandeur of the propylæa, the Erechtheum, or temple of Nike. For most of the high-art treasures of the Acropolis I must refer the reader to the British Museum in London, where they are retained.

It is beautifully plausible for England to claim that Lord Elgin was the savior of these great works of art. Read this: "To the British ambassador Lord Elgin belongs the discredit of instituting a systematic removal of the art treasures of the Acropolis. He procured a firman authorizing him to remove 'a few blocks of stone with inscriptions and figures,' and with the aid of several hundred laborers he removed the greater part of the metopes, the pediment, and frieze."

I heard a person say to an Englishman, "Now that Greece is at peace and abundantly able and willing to care for her own, it would be a gracious

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act in England to return to her the art treasures of the Acropolis." The answer was, "England generally keeps what she has." It is only too true, be it art or acres. England is always ready to play the protectorate and to "keep what she has." She is now protecting Egypt, also Egyptian art.

Having seen the structures, the marvelous view from the Acropolis next attracted my attention. So many interesting objects and places came within vision that it made me feel that I was standing at the center of the earth and upon its summit too.

Did the eye ever rest on a more enchanting scene? Grand mountains, majestic hills, flowering valleys, wide-spread plains, towering islands, and rolling ocean! The air is clear as crystal; a brilliant sun shines on it all, and the blue ethereal dome of heaven covers it. Out in the dazzling bay again we see Salamis, where the Athenian women and children were gathered when Athens was abandoned to the sword and firebrand of the Persian soldiers, and where the Greeks, in sight of the smoldering ruins of their homes and temples, fought like demons and conquered like gods.

Yes, again, towering Salamis! There it stands, a monument built by the hands of the great Creator, as if in prophecy and in anticipation of the great events that were to transpire in the water that surrounds it. There it has stood for centuries,

## THE ACROPOLIS—A PARTING VIEW

and there it will stand as long as century succeeds century, a mighty and imperishable monument to Grecian love of liberty.

I can never understand why Xerxes brought his four million host out of Asia to punish Greece. Such numbers were unwieldy for war and all out of size for a picnic. Whether there were four millions or not, it is certain that his numbers were great when they came and small when they departed, to say nothing of the loss of his vast uncounted treasury.

It is but twenty miles to Marathon, where twenty thousand Greeks defied and put to flight a hundred and ten thousand Persians. The mounds where the dead Persians were buried are yet to be seen. Away yonder (there is no far away in Greece) is the pass of Thermopylæ, where the brave Leonidas with his three hundred held at bay for four days Xerxes' millions. History says the darts were so numerous that they darkened the sky, and when all was over the little band of Greeks was literally buried under them. The narrowest place in the pass at that time was fifteen feet wide. Natural physical changes have since filled in and broadened it, until it is now possible for a sizable army to pass comfortably through it.

The tragedies of fiction are tame beside the tragedies that transpired during this Persian War, which, counting its rests and activities, covered a

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period of nearly a hundred years and ended in the almost utter destruction of the Persian army. What there was left of it went back to Asia in fragments, while with its lessons and added treasures Athens began her golden age, the age of Pericles and Phidias; and all around us goes to tell of the magnificence of that period. To be sure, it is glory in ruins in a degree, but these ruins tell their story well.

A short day is shortening to its close. The moon has grown old. So, while the setting sun is glorifying all about me, I take my leave of the Acropolis in the morning of Athens. Ah, Grecian days! ye have been too few.

















